

VOL. 4.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

NO. 14

The Weekly Mail

In addition every Thursday in time for the market reports, a full page of market reports and a full page of Provincial and Dominion news, carefully written editorials upon all public topics, \$2.00 per year when paid in advance, and \$2.50 when not so paid.

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Names inserted under "Special Heads" in reading matter, or for increased insertion, \$1.00 extra.

No name will be advertised unless discontinued at half price.

C. OLIVER,
Editor and Publisher.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,
Ruester Avenue, Brandon.

Money to be lent on improved farm property,
John A. Henderson, H. E. Henderson,

DUNNELL & COOPER,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.,
Mills of Franklin, Loan and Savings Company,

Bauer Av., between 7th & 8th St., Brandon.
D. H. Cooper.

W. WILKINSON,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.,
MOOSOMIN and WHITWOOD, ASSA.

RENT.—Money to be loaned at lowest rates in
order to suit borrowers. Terms easy.

MEDICAL.

DR. SPENCER,
(M. D. C. M. Univ. McGill, Montreal)
Member of the College of Physicians and
Surgeons, Quebec and Manitoba.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
10TH ST., NEXT THE SCHOOL HOUSE,
BRANDON.

J. L. M. MORSE,
BRANDON, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR,
Graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, M.C.P.
and S. Ontario and Manitoba.

DR. DOORING,
DENTIST,
has for Painless Extraction of Teeth,
Second Atkinson & Nation's store, Mc-
Donald's block, corner Rosser Avenue and 8th
street, Brandon. Entrance on Rosser.
Gold filling a specialty.

DICKSON and BASTEDO,
DENTISTS,
FLEMING'S DRUG STORE,
ENTRANCE ON ROSSET AVENUE.

ANESTHETICS ADMINISTERED FOR
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH

JAMES BASTEDO, L.D.S.

BUSINESS CARDS.

FRED TORRANCE, B. A., V. S.
VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of McGill University, and of the
Montreal Veterinary College.

Veterinarian for the Counties of Brandon
and Dennis.

Residence, Eighth Street, Brandon.

R. P. MULLIGAN.

WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
Main Street, Brandon, Man.

L. O. L. No. 1531
Sells at the Hall, Plum Creek every Tuesday
and Saturday, and on certain full moon.

THE BUSINESS GENERALLY INVITED

J. YOUNG, W. M.
E. REID, Secretary.

A. F. & A. G.R.M.

Regular meeting night of Brandon Lodge,
Meeting between invited.

F. W. PETERS, W. S.
A. L. MCMLIAN, F.M.

ELTON L. O. L. No. 1501.

Open WEDNESDAYS, on or before Full

Book at Six O'clock in Winter and

Seven in Summer, at the

ORANGE HALL.

—10—

VISITING BRETHREN CORDIALLY INVITED

FRANCIS CLEGG, W.M.

James Hoey, Rec. Sec.

McGill, N.W.T., or Brandon, Man.

I will be at Kelly's Barn, Brandon, regularly

during the Summer, and will always have a

nice lot of Mares on hand.

To those desirous of getting into Horses

Raising on a cheap scale, I can offer inducements

that will astonish you.

In a word, I can sell you a whole Band of

Mares for the price of an ordinary Canadian team.

THOS. HARKNESS.

Permanent Address—Campbell & Harkness,

Calgary, N.W.T., or Brandon, Man.

There is no question but that dyspepsia is the

national disease of our country, and when com-

plicated with diseases of the liver and kidneys

the cause of untold misery. Burdock blood

bitter will almost invariably cure the worst

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THE BRANDON WEEKLY MAIL.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ELOQUENT DISCOURSE CONCERNING GOOD AND BAD LITERATURE.

Many of Them Also Which Used Curious Arts Brought Their Books Together, and Burned Them Before All Men."

BROOKLYN, May 1.—At the tabernacle this morning the pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., expounded some of the parables of Solomon. The congregation sang with magnificent effect the hymn beginning:

"Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!"

For on the strength, the nation's shake.

Dr. Talmage took for his text Acts xix, 19: "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it 50,000 pieces of silver."

Paul in his sermon upon Ephesians with some few remarks about the sins of that place, Ayer, the most important results was the fact that the curios brought out their bad books, and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with them, and the Epheesian literature, and toss them into the flames. I hear an economist say, "Stop this waste of \$7,500 worth of books—do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them, and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people, "these books are not good enough for us; they are not good for anybody else, and we shall not read and watch until the last leaf has turned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Thus the flames crackle and roar!

Well, in this case one of the wants of the cities of to-day is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a fire that will get high. Many of the publishers of books would do well to throw into the blaze their own stock of goods. Bring forth the terrible trash and put it into the fire, and let it burn in the presence of God, and let me and men, that you are going to rid you of the overtopping and underlying curse of this oblique literature.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on the earth for good and for evil. The minister of the gospel standing in a pulpit, has responsible action, but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. The editor of a paper at one time, at what far removed from the pulpit, will cease the influence of the pulpit, if he becomes a Horace Greeley, or a George Green Bennett, or a Watson. You may say, "What is the simple fact that on the average he now receives a circulation of about \$80,000 per day, and add to it the fact that the average weekly periodicals have an aggregate circulation of about 1,000,000, and their editor, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out reach the influences of the American printing press. Great God, who is to be the issued of all this?" I am not so much interested in the printing press as in the means for the world's rescue and regeneration, and I think that the greatest battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses, and purified and Gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down and crushing out that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is beautiful. May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press. I have to tell you this morning that the greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insidious houses, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair!

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shovelled its millions into the charred house of the morally dead. The longest rail road that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the bestialness and the parricidium which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years.

Now, if in such circumstances that I put this morning a question of overwhelming importance to you and your families. What best, and what papers shall we read? You see, we are soon together. The news papers are to be had in a swifter and more portable form, and the same rules which will apply to the reading will apply to news papers. What shall we read? Shall we mind the receptacle of every thing that an author has tried to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stop down and drink out of the trough with the wickedness of men filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mix in impurity and shamefulness with the wits across the swamps where we might walk in the blooming gardens of C. 17. Oh, no! For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare we must make an intelligent Christian choice. Standing as we do in deep in fictitious literature, the first question that many of the young people are asking me is: "Shall we read novels?" I reply, "There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and edifying to the life. But I have still further to say that I believe that ninety-nine out of 100 novels in this day are bad and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the license and the assumed name of poetry. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such fiction writers as Hawthorne and Melville, and Landor and Hunt, and Arthur and Marion Harland, and others whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world, and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles and fresh air. Dickens did a grand work in caricaturing the pretenders to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are an everlasting plea for the poor and the amanuza of injustice. Now, I say, books like these, read at right times, and read

in right proportion with other books, will help but be embolting and purifying; but, alas for the loathsome and impure literature that has come upon this country in the shape of novels, like a pestilence overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses of the country. They are coming with recommendations of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your center table to curse your children and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school mire, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say: "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book; it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book. Everywhere, everywhere an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of 10,000 immortal souls, and I bid you this morning wake up to the magnitude of the theme. I shall take all the world's literature—good novels and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and incorrect, legends beautiful and monstrous, all traits, all chronicles, all epilogues, all family, city, state and national libraries—and pile them up in a pyramid of literature and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, infallible, unmistakable Christian principles. God help me to speak with reference to my last account and God help you to listen!

I charge you, in the first place, to stand about from all books that give false pictures of human life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depended upon much of the literature of the day you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a little and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman for the duties of to-day who spent last night wading through brilliant pictures descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine in the tin shop, by the forge, in the factory, in the counting room, and he will be disappointed. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nervous, irate and a miscreant. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the office. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair dishevelled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the day time, when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing, biting her finger nails into the quick. The carpet, that was plain before, will be plainer after having wandered through a romane all night long in tessellated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever now that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses and lounged in the harbor with the polished despoiler. Oh, these confirmed novel readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for a world where everything we gain we achieve by hard, long continuing and exhaustive work.

Again: Abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a leadstone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, though good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the flockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you prey into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie in New York a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright, and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled, and bleeding. Oh, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be gross and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile almost always carries a warning rattle.

Again: I charge you to stand off from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of a book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out and then, looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around the block, offers the book to your son on his way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plots sound the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. To-day, under the nostrils of this world, there is filth, reeking, unwashed literature enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue and snuff out your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blow the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to the teeth, in this great battle against a depraved literature.

Again, abstain from those books which are apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful book bindery, and some of the finest rhetoric, have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing, anyhow. It is born in shame and it dies howling in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but afterward the thunders of God's wrath pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with rain and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as looking from behind embroidered curtains or through lattice of royal serglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital.

Cursed be the books that try to make im-

purity decent and crime attractive and hypocrisy noble. Cursed be the books that warm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy. Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them shall be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused community, then at last by the hand of Divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and to pour hotter coals of fury upon your head, and rejoice eternally in the outcry of your pain and the howl of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color flashes to the chest, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly bolt out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes "four," and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detailed specter of the night. Soon in a mad house she will mistake her rings for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the sculp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning buoys when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

There is one other thing I shall say this morning before I leave you, whether you want to hear it or not. That is, I consider the lascivious pictorial literature of the day as most treacherous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I do. The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by picture. What the painter does by his brush for a few favorites the engraver does by his knife for the million. What the author accomplishes by fifty pages the artist does by a dash. The best part of a painting that costs \$10,000 you may buy for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Do you will to gather good pictures in your home. Spread them before your children after the toil of the past and the evening circle is gathered. Throw them on the invalid's couch. Strew them through the rail train to cheer the traveler on his journey. Tack them on the wall of the nursery. Gather them in albums and portfolios. God sped the good pictures on their way with ministrations of knowledge and mercy!

But what shall I say of the prostitution of this art to purposes of iniquity. These death warrants of the soul are at every street corner. They smite the vision of the young man with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal disfigurement. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and ten fifty, and the fifty hundreds, and the hundreds thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height, and depth, and ghastliness, and horror of the great undou.

The work of death that the wicked author does in a whole book the bad engravers may do in a half side of a pictorial. Under the guise of pure mirth, the young man buys one of these sheets. He unrolls it before his comrades amid roars of laughter, but long after the paper is gone the result may perhaps be seen in the blasted imaginations of those who saw it. The queen of death holds a banquet every night, and these periodicals are the printed invitation to her guests. Alas that the fair brow of American art should be blottedched with this plague spot, and that philanthropists, bothering themselves about smaller evils, should lift up no united and vehement voice against this great calamity!

Young man, buy not this moral strychnine for your soul! Pick not up this nest of coiled adders for your pocket! Patronize no news stand that keeps them! Have your room bright with good engravings; but for these outragous pictorial have not one wall, not one bureau, not one pocket. A man is no better than the picture he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure your heart cannot be. At a news stand one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture. When sometimes a fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only draws his victim in. Beware of lascivious pictures, young man—in the name of Almighty God I charge you.

If I have this morning successfully laid down any principles by which you may judge in regard to books and newspapers, then I have done something of which I shall not be ashamed on the day which shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

Cherish good books and newspapers. The value of the bad ones. One column may save your soul; one paragraph may ruin it. Benjamin Franklin said that the reading of Cotton Mather's "Essay on Doing Good" molded his entire life. The assassin of Lord Russell declared that he was led into crime by reading one vivid romance. The consecrated John Angel James, whom England never produced a better man, declared in his old days that he had never yet got over the evil effects of having for fifteen minutes once read a bad book. But I need not go so far off. I could come near home and tell you of something that occurs in my college days. I could tell you of a comrade who was good hearted, noble and generous. He was studying for an honorable profession, but he had an infidel book in his frank, and he said to me one day: "De Witt, would you like to read it?" I said: "Yes, I would." I took the book and read it for only a few minutes. I was really startled with what I saw there, and I handed the book back to him and said: "You had better destroy that book." No he kept it. He read it. He re-read it. After a while he gave up religion as a myth. He gave up the Bible as a fable. He gave up the church of Christ as a useless institution. He gave up good morals as being unnecessarily stringent. I have heard of men twice in many years. The time before the last I heard of him he was a confirmed atheist. The last I heard of him he was coming out of an insane asylum—in body, mind and soul an awful wreck. I believe that one infidel book killed him for two

purposes: help and purifying; but, alas for the loathsome and impure literature that has come upon this country in the shape of novels, like a pestilence overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses of the country. They are coming with recommendations of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your center table to curse your children and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school mire, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say: "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book; it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book. Everywhere, everywhere an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of 10,000 immortal souls, and I bid you this morning wake up to the idea of your home that cannot stand the test, do not give it away, for it might spoil an immortal soul; do not sell it, for the money you get would be the price of blood, but rather kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth or in your back yard and then drop the poison in it, and keep stirring the blaze until from preface to appendix there shall not be a single paragraph left, and the bonfire in Brooklyn shall be as consuming as that one in the streets of Ephesus.

Historian and Librarian.

Mr. Bancroft will not be on horseback this summer. He has sold his tall, gaunt bay horse so often in company with Librarian Spofford. The historian now puts on the quiet German silk cap in which he did his riding, and takes a brisk walk for his daily constitutional. Mr. Spofford continues his ride alone. A lank, grim visaged man, in a dusty coat and a dingy tie, looking for all the world like a Methodist circuit rider thinking out a sermon, is the picture the librarian makes as he rides on horseback, staring abstractedly ahead and heedless whether his animal walks, trots or lies down.—Washington Letter.

A Lady Teacher in Alabama.

A teacher's life in Alabama is thus partly described by a committee-man in a letter to an eastern friend: "She tries to make everything just as pleasant as she can. She doesn't mind work. She takes the ax and cuts wood—went to the woods one evening after school and helped to saw off two cuts after 4 o'clock. The people are very well satisfied with her."

DOES 'TRUCK FARMING' PAY?

What a New York Gardener Says About It—Rates of Rent.

Finding the farmer willing to talk, the reporter put the question: "Does truck farming pay?"

"For the amount of capital invested," was the reply, "it pays well, even better than most people suppose. We can raise vegetables and salads at all seasons of the year and receive cash when we market our truck. To do truck a garden ought to contain from five to eight acres, but a neighbor of mine cleared \$1,000 last year off of two acres, of third of which is covered with glass. By glass I mean hot beds. This is the best paying part of the work, as it is by the use of hot beds that we are enabled to work the year round. About 100 glass frames, 3x6 feet in size, can be placed on a city lot, with plenty of space to pass between the rows. There are sixteen city lots on an acre. The space under a single frame can be worked so as to pay a profit of \$3 clear of all expense of rent, labor and marketing. Figure this up and you will see how easily my neighbor could have made his \$4,000. It requires constant labor, especially in the winter, when we have to cover up our beds with mats of hay to protect the plants from frost. But three men would be help enough to care for an acre of glass properly."

"Oh, yes," he continued, "there is some stuff that we have considerable trouble in raising. For instance, we haven't been able to get good spinach in several years. This is owing to the fact that since the cows were driven out of the city we have had to depend on horse manure for fertilizing purposes, which we obtain in large quantities from the breweries. This is excellent on wet land and for forcing plants in hotbeds, but it is too coarse and dry for general field use. Worked over for a couple of years to a compost it is nearly as good as cow manure. The latter we consider the best natural fertilizer we can use, and prefer it even to guano, which is largely adulterated. It is stronger, and retains its strength the longest, keeping the soil moist and cool."

"Rent? Rent is all the way from nothing up to \$5 per city lot for a year. This makes \$1 an acre, about ten times what ordinary farms rent for. After the owner gives notice that he wants his land for building purposes we pay no rent; then he can take possession in thirty days. If we paid he would have to wait a year. That gardener across the way has paid no rent for two years. Another gardener said he had worked his ten acre farm for twenty-eight years, but did not expect to stay in the place more than five years longer. There was so much building going on. He believed he would live to see the time when the gardeners would be driven entirely out of the city.—New York Sun."

Raising Poppies in Florida.

We take pleasure in telegraphing to the river Dr. W. W. Winthrop, of St. Paul, Minn. This gentleman has traveled widely, and is a keen observer of what he met with in his travels. His primary object in coming to this state is to encourage the growth of the poppy and the manufacture of opium. His experience in this branch of production is of fifteen years standing, and he has grown the poppy successfully in the East Indies, Persia, Germany, France and in the Levant, while on the American continent he has experimented in Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Florida. The plant grows everywhere, but best of all in Florida, producing larger bulbs and capsules. The difficulty hitherto of producing opium in the United States successfully has been the high wages paid to labor.

Dr. Winthrop has invented a plan, however, by which opium can be produced here better and cheaper than in India, where the average wages are ten cents per day, and the cultivation is so perfect by this method that sixteen plants can be made to produce a pound of opium. The gentleman assures us that at the present price of the drug a net revenue of \$1,000 per acre is an exceedingly moderate estimate. Every orange grove can be laid out between the trees with this plant, and the demand for the same at good prices is immense. An English syndicate of capitalists is going into the cultivation of the poppy largely on the Indian river, and Dr. Winthrop is prospecting and perfecting the arrangements of the company. The poppy will grow and ripen every month in the year, and thus, doubtless, another large source of wealth will shortly be added to Indian river.—Tampa Star.

The Photographic News, noting the growing demand for dark rooms in hotels, explains that such lodgings is called for by the requirements of tourist photographers.

A citizen of Eatonton, Ga., is offering for sale eight hundred pairs of shoes made before and during the war in his factory.

THE CENSUS RETURNS.

Ottawa, April 27.—The following figures regarding the census of Manitoba were presented to Parliament to-day by Hon. Mr. Carling.

SELKIRK.

| | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| Rhinelander | 3,64 |
| Dufferin South | 2,135 |
| Carlton | 878 |
| Dufferin North | 1,348 |
| Louis | 1,040 |
| Derby | 966 |
| Argyle | 1,286 |
| Lorne | 1,814 |
| Oakland | 936 |
| Glenwood | 835 |
| Whitehead | 937 |
| Cornwallis | 1,045 |
| Elton | 1,076 |
| Turtle Mountain | 804 |
| Deloraine | 962 |
| Whitewater | 967 |
| Riverside | 828 |
| Medora | 528 |
| Arthur | 757 |
| Inchiquin | 448 |
| Brenda | 142 |
| Sifton | 622 |
| Pipestone | 819 |
| Wallace | 1,184 |
| Woodworth | 1,146 |
| Brandon City | 2,343 |
| Nelson town | 73 |
| Flet Mount | 54 |
| Total, Selkirk | 34,347 |
| Total, Marquette | 22,739 |
| Total, Provencier | 13,476 |
| Total, Lisgar | 17,786 |
| Total, Winnipeg | 26,238 |
| Total, Manitoba | 108,946 |

Petition of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to the Government of the world.

Honored Rulers Representatives and Friends:

We, your petitioners, although physically weak, are strong of heart to love our home, our native land, and the world's family of nations.

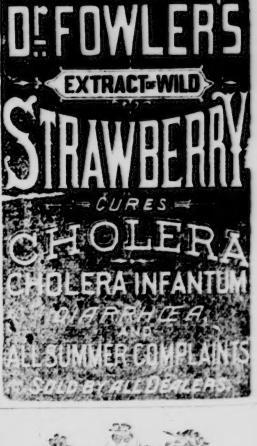
We know that when the brain of man is clear his heart is kind, his home is happy, his country prosperous and all the world grows friendly. But we know that alcoholic stimulants and opium which craze and cloud the brain, make misery for man and all the world, and most of all for us and for our children.

We know these stimulants and opiates are sold under legal guarantees which make the governments partners in the traffic, by accepting as revenue a portion of its profits, and that they are forced by treaty upon populations either ignorant or unwilling.

We have no power to prevent this great iniquity beneath which the whole world groans and staggers, but you have power to clean the flags of every crime from the stain of this complicity with this unmingled curse.

We therefore come to you with the united voices of representative women from every civilized nation under the sun, beseeching you to strip away the safe guards and sanctions of the law from the Drunk Traffic and the Opium Trade, and to protect our homes by the Total Prohibition of this two-fold curse of civilization throughout all the territory over which your government extends.

To be signed by women only.



MAIL CONTRACTS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to Postmaster General, will be sent to the Post Office at Ottawa, and noon on Friday, 13th May, 1887, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail for the proposed Contracts for four years, one-half of the following routes, from the 1st July next:

Archibald and Railway Station, 12 miles per week, computed distance 1/2 of a mile.

Bale St. Paul and Marquette Railway Station, 12 times per week, computed distance 1/2 of a mile.

McGregor Station and Railway Station, 12 times per week, computed distance 1/2 of a mile.

Larkin and Waterloo, once per week, computed distance 12 miles.

Flet Mount and Railway Station, 6 times per week, computed distance 1/2 of a mile.

Brandon Weekly Mail.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

INCONSISTENCIES.

The peculiarities of our Local politics are almost incomprehensible, to the mind in search of consistency. It will be remembered there was, and very justly, a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed in the province, and all through the Northwest for that matter, when the Farmer's Union, a little over three years ago submitted to a mass meeting of their sympathisers, these anti-immigration resolutions. It was contended at the time, but more especially by the Conservatives, that the sentiment of the resolutions was untrue, and calculated to do a great deal of damage to the country, and we firmly believe that the predictions came true to the letter. If then such expressions were unjustifiable in the Farmers Union, we fail to see the excuse for the annexed two resolutions submitted to the Local House by Mr. Leacock on the 26th: "The citizens of the Province of Manitoba find that their advancement is seriously impeded by their whole trade being in the hands of one railway corporation."

And—

"The policy of disallowance has been, and is, a vital drawback to the prosperity of Manitoba, and is the cause, in this particular case, of stagnation of business, and despondency among the people, and prevents many from coming into a country which they know to be at the mercy of one corporation, and is causing many good citizens to leave it." Had, however, as is the foregoing the following, moved by Mr. Kirchhofer, member for west Brandon, is certainly no better either in fiction or force: "And whereas the policy of disallowance has a tendency to cause a stagnation in business and create a feeling of discontent and despondency among the people, and will, if persisted in by the Federal authorities, operate against immigration into the country by leaving the people at the mercy of one railway corporation."

During the late Federal contest in Manitoba many Conservative speakers used to quote the price of wheat at points in Dakota, with the prices at opposite points in Manitoba, in favor of the latter, to prove that notwithstanding the fact the States have network of railways their competition does not give better rates to the seaboard than the C. P. R. did in this country. As Dakota and Manitoba crops are both destined for the same markets, those of England, they should net the same prices to the producers, if the cost of handling and transport was the same on both sides of the line. When, however, the price across the line was lower than it is here, it was proof positive that transport in the States was higher than on the C. P. R., which hauls to our seaboard. The resolutions set forth above, however, attempt the lie on this argument, which is neither truth nor consistency.

If again it is to the freights of Winnipeg importers all this noise of extortion in charges refers, as it virtually does, a thorough sifting of the matter shows that in so far as the general public are concerned, there is no necessity for the excitement. It is safe to say that take freights all around they do not amount to more than 6% by the car load on the purchase price, to importers; and for such a trifling very little difference if any could be made by Winnipeg wholesalers to their country purchasers. Even if half or 3% were allowed, the remainder would be so small a reduction to the latter, that the consumer would see none of it. This conclusion involves two important questions. Will it pay to have the country strangled in its years of promise for the benefit of the importers of Winnipeg? And will it pay to involve Manitoba in two millions of a liability for the construction of an independent outlet southward, as a public work, when the crossing of the boundary can afterwards only be secured by the consent of the C. P. R., after they are paid a consideration by Canada for the almost exclusive benefit of the dealers at the Capital. These are considerations the public should see and all turn over in their minds before they run merrily into confusion, or encourage the Government in sinking the resources of the province almost irredeemably for a half century to come.

The bulk of the troubles of this country can be traced to two causes, and for neither of which the Federal Government are responsible, the influx of more business men than the consuming population of the country guaranteed business for, and the settlement of too many farmers who thought they ought to make money by magic, rather than grow up as pioneers have invariably grown up in new countries. The proof of this statement is found in the fact that the class of men who have made the best success in the country are those who were well used to pioneer life in the other provinces, and came fully prepared to encounter it here again. We say it again, it was a mistake the resolutions quoted above were ever submitted to the Parliament, and the gentleman who induced them ought to have had better sense. A crossing of the boundary by other lines of road would undoubtedly be of benefit to the whole province, but as it would be of special benefit to Winnipeg, that city and not the whole province should bear the amount of the expense of getting it. It is not, however, true as set forth in the resolutions above that the country is a great sufferer for the want of other southern communications, and the hardship all along the line would not appear but for the manner in which the consequences of the absence of

such an outlet are magnified. The Winnipeg people shout "grinding monopoly" and the country representatives are induced to join in the cry by the influences that surround them, instead of exercising their own common sense. Will it not be a sad pass of affairs of this country if our resources become mortgaged to the extent of several millions for the Hudson's Bay outlet, and the branch lines already under way and for a couple of millions for a southern outlet besides, and all eventually to fall into the hands of one railway company. This thing is not impossible, within ordinary shuffles of railway companies, and this being the case those who are elected to become custodians of the people's interests should see to it their responsibilities are not slighted for the relief of interests foreign to those of their own constituencies.

In moving the address in reply to the speech, Mr. Kirchhofer made this most extraordinary observation in referring to C.P.R. rates: "If this grinding monopoly was done away with, and the people by judicious railway extension given every access to markets, confidence would be restored, and immigration would increase." This is precisely the language the Grit orators used to make use of three years ago and since, and which the Conservatives used to prove was false in nearly every particular. Then why is it the truth when made use of by an alleged Conservative? That the C.P.R. has a monopoly, we do not deny, but that it is grinding is false in every particular, and it is the repetition of the falsehood, and not the road rates that is injuring immigration, it is injured as reported. The fact that the C.P.R. carries tea from the Pacific to Eastern American cities; that it takes Montana cattle to Chicago; that it carries Manitoba flour to British Columbia and thus shuts out American flour in that province; that it takes Manitoba wheat to the seaboard as cheap as American lines take Dakota wheat, is all the proof necessary that its through rates are not grinding. We admit its local rates are high, but forty more roads to Winnipeg could not effect them, as all agree, at least, that railway competition is shut out in all points west of Old Manitoba. We like consistency, and we contend no Conservative party can be held together without it. If we now declare the C.P.R. is a grinding monopoly, we must admit the Conservatives of the province were inconsistent in the past, when they declared it was not, and adduced proof for their assertion; and if it was not a grinding monopoly then, it is not now, as its rates are not advanced. Mr. Kirchhofer, to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the government may find it to his personal interest to take his present attitude, but he should also have some regard for the consistency and veracity of the Conservative party. The facts in the case are these: The people of Winnipeg are anxious to centralize the whole business of the Northwest in that city, and they are manufacturing cries to effect that end. These cries are put forward by designing schemers, as provincial interests; the city press falls in line and echoes the sentiment; weak minded people in the country who are unable to see the selfishness originating the storm, and glide on with the current; the augmented stream directs the policy of an undecided and weak administration, and men who want personal favors out of the government take up the cudgels necessary for the occasion, to do battle for their superiors, and here we have the origin, the force and the effects of the whole tornado. Any sensible representative in the House who desires to see consistency and provincial jurisdiction enforced, ought to favor laws that would protect railway companies, from Dominion interference, in constructing lines wherever wanted to the boundary, and nothing more and nothing less. If done, there would be free scope to build roads wherever required, and certainly less chance for the recurrence of the cry of "grinding monopoly."

It is only as the Grits live they have opportunities to learn the same as other people, if they will but avail themselves of them. When that head of chivalry, Mr. Charlton, M.P., addressed the meeting in the Roller Rink here last fall he declared the national debt could not be shown to be much less than \$281,000,000, when the returns would be brought down this session; and later on, that other apostle of light, Mr. Blake, a little more modest than Mr. Charlton, placed it at \$220,000,000. Well, the public accounts were brought down last week, and they show the net debt to be \$223,150,107, which sum includes \$10,199,500, for which land was taken from the C.P.R., in lieu of part of loan. As this is a bona fide asset, and will be in a short time well worth the price allowed for it, \$1.50 per acre, this amount must be deducted from the figures above to show the actual net debt. It is then just \$212,959,607, and the increase since Confederation is fully accounted for in the public works completed by the Liberal Conservative party, the allowances made the provinces and the addition of the deficits left by the Grit party when vacating office. But this is not all, as the interests of the country now amount to but \$10,137,008, against \$7,048,883, it shows our public works—C.P.R., Welland canal enlargement and all cost Canada but a trifle over three millions a year in the shape of taxation. Against this interest, again we have now interests from assets amounting to \$2,299,078 against \$665,774, the last year of Grit rule. Practically then our public works completed since Sir John came back to power

in 1878, cost us but about a million and a half a year. This is a showing that our people have every reason to feel proud of.

As we said in our last issue the stand the Local government is taking, pledging the resources of the country to the construction and operation of a railway to the boundary, from Winnipeg, in case charters covering the ground are disallowed, is a dangerous one. It is designed to centralise the whole trade of the country at Winnipeg, and the people of the west should never suffer themselves to be burdened for such an end. If such a road is particularly desired, the government can either build the fifteen miles of it next the boundary and charter the rest, or protect by legislation an independent company in constructing the whole of it, which would entail no burden on the people. It is proposed to pledge the credit of the province to the extent of 4 per cent on four and a half millions for the construction of the Hudson's Bay outlet; we are already in for a considerable sum for branch roads under way, and to add another two millions or even the interest of it, to our burdens for a road to build up Winnipeg, is something the people's representatives should never allow. As things are, our municipal and educational institutions are suffering for assistance, and it is not there for them. Then why sink the whole province and its future irretrievably as Emerson and Portage la Prairie have been sunk, for the benefit of a single city?

Smelfungus alias Judas II of the Prevaricator is appeared for the time being; he has swallowed all the compunctions of his oath, is treated to a few fat printing contracts by the government, and is happy. He is assured, so the fake tells the public, that Mr. Burrow's contract is to terminate after the expiry of a year (but we have not heard from the latter about it), and then there will be such another division of the boodle as will make his little soul contented for all time. There will then be no more combinations with the Browns to pelt the Norquays. Now, does it ever occur to the mind of the ephemeral nodder, that the public have a common sense way of measuring a character who is bought up at such prices whenever purchases are considered necessary to tide over a chasm?

We are told in the Grit print to the west that Mr. Smart has made a speech in the House, and the oracle is tickled into ecstasies in consequence. Yes; Mr. Smart has spoken, and between himself and the reporter of the Free Press they have drawn out the Platonic oration to the length of a second-hand hair pin, in the columns of the oracle. Who would not be delighted over an effort like that? The drift of the oration, however, is an enquiry—the member for East Brandon wanted to know what correspondence there was between the two governments as to the transference of the school lands to the Local Government. Had he called on the M.A.T. office before he sprained his sides delivering that speech, we could have told him, from the nature of things, there could have been no correspondence worth enquiring about. By the statutes, in fact by the force of the constitution, two sections in every township throughout the entire Northwest are set apart for the support of education in the territory. They are to be held in trust by the Federal Government, and sold when the Local Administrations suggest. Before they can be transferred bodily to the Local Governments, the acts of Confederation must be changed, or bills must be passed to supersede these acts. Until this is done all correspondence between the governments must be as much children's amusement.

The Portage Grit Print says: "The MAIL is an organ of consistency." Mr. Cliffe also says: "The Government are going to charter railways to the boundary which is nothing more than their duty," and the MAIL is now going to support Norquay. Mr. Cliffe used to occupy in 1883 about one half of the editorial space of the Portage Tribune in trying to prove that no charter should be granted for a railway to the boundary. Glad to see the MAIL man won over at last, but as to consistency—yes consistently inconsistent all the time.

Did the Editor of the Grit print ever hear that a man may change his mind but a mule, never? Mr. Cliffe has changed his mind because the circumstances have changed, but the mind of the Grit Print has not changed because the mule is there since its birthday. In 1883 Mr. Cliffe used to contend that it was not fair to build lines that might in a measure compete with the C. P. R. until the Lake Superior section was finished, and we now admit that such lines might be constructed because that division is completed. We, however, then as now contended construction to the boundary does not mean the right to cross it, the right to the former is vested in the Local Government but the Federal alone can grant the latter. When, however, in 1883 Mr. Cliffe pointed this out at a meeting in Portage la Prairie, Joe Martin the dry nurse to the Grit Print used to say they would get up a rebellion and cross the boundary with its assistance. Mr. Cliffe always supported Mr. Norquay in what he believed to be right, and he does so still, but our eastern Grit by the slogan cannot understand that as consistency.

KATHLEEN N. W. T., April 25.—A child four years of age, daughter of Mr. Thomas Kelly, who resides on the west side of the lake, met with a painful and a fatal accident one day last week, being scalded to death by falling into a pot of hot lye.

BANKRUPT STOCK!

The Largest ever Offered in Brandon!

The Entire Stock of the Estate of

BOWER, BLACKBURN & PORTER,

Is now offered to the Public, at

STRAIGHT
BANKRUPT
PRICES.

The various Lines consist of

Dry Goods
Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Gents' Furnishings,
Ready Made Clothing,
Hardware,
Crockeryware,
Glassware,
Stationery,
Tinware,
Cordage,
&c., &c.

The Public have been surfeited with talk as to the price at which goods can be bought in Brandon. We shall therefore do no "blowing," but beg respectfully to invite all intending purchasers, before spending money elsewhere, to call at the OLD STAND, Cor. 10th St. and Pacific Ave., and satisfy themselves that no other house can compete with us in Brandon or out of Brandon.

S. H. BOWER,
Agent.

THE BRANDON WEEKLY MAIL

CITY POUND.

Resumed this 9th day of April, 1887, one
pound built, rising two years old. If not re-
leased before the 15th same will be sold
at the Pound at 15 o'clock on the 4th of May,
to defray the costs of keep, &c., in accordance
with the law of the City.

W. H. WHEELDON,
Found Keeper.



TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mount-
ed Police Provisions and Light Supplies,"
are addressed to the Honorable the Presi-
dent of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received
no later than Monday, May 20th, 1887.
Printed forms of tenders, containing full in-
formation as to the articles and approximate
quantities required, may be had on application
to any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North-
ern or at the office of the undersigned.
No tender will be received unless made on
a printed form.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily ac-
cepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an
order on the Canadian Bank for an amount
equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the
tendered for, which will be held if the tenderer
enters into a contract when
any decline to do so, or if he fails to complete
the tendered for. If the tender be
accepted the cheque will be returned.
No payment will be made to newspapers in-
serting the advertisement without authority
from the Postmaster.

FRED. WHITE,
Comptroller, N.W.M. Police.

May 23rd, 1887.



AIL CONTRACTS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the
Postmaster General, will be received at
the post office on Friday, 13th May 1887,
in consequence of Her Majesty's Mails, on
a period Contract for four years, once per
week way between Glendinning and
Mound, computed distance 20½ miles,
one per week each way between Pilot
and Roseberry, computed distance 22
miles, from 1st July next.

A conveyance to be made in a suitable
van Preston, Manninghurst, Glenora
or Berry.

Mails to leave Pilot Mound on Mon-
day 8 a.m., arrive at Roseberry at 1:30
leave Roseberry same day at 2:30 p.m.
Arrive at Pilot Mound at 8 p.m. Leave
Mound on Thursdays at 8 a.m., arrive
Glendinning at 3:30 p.m. Leave Glen-
ning on Saturdays at 8 a.m., and arrive at
Mound at 3:30 p.m.

Particulars containing further information
and conditions of proposed contract may
be had in blank form of tender obtained at
the post office on the route and at this office.

W. W. McLEOD,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Office, J.
14th April, 1887.

This is the first
time any advertising
has been done on
my account.

I try to get a
fair Profit.

I never profess to
SELL GOODS

FOR
less Than Cost.

Here to get a living, and
nothing more must go other-
wise.

H. Hooper.

CONSUMPTIVES.

Having been restored to
perfect health after suffering for
several months, and all through
Consumption, is
now known to his fellow sufferers
as "Hooper." To those who desire it,
he sends free of charge a copy
of the book in which they will find a
Consumption, Asthma,
Bronchitis, and all throat
Maladies. He hopes all safe
to health, as it is invaluable
to those who are suffering from
the disease, and may prove a blessing
to many. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Lynn, Mass., Longs County, New

England. From the effects of early
consumption, or for any other
disease, there are broken down
nerves, and in all
cases of continual excess
breathing, Diseases
of the lungs, &c., &c.

Address, M. C. LUDLOW.

SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES.

MUNICIPALITY OF DALY.

By virtue of a Warrant issued by the Reeve of the Municipality of Daly, in the County of Brandon, under his hand and the Corporate Seal of the said Municipality, to me directed, and bearing date the Third day of May, A.D. 1887, commanding me to levy upon the several parcels of land hereinbefore mentioned and described, for Arrears of Taxes respectively due thereon together with costs.

I do hereby give notice that unless the said arrears of taxes and costs be sooner paid, I will, on Thursday, the ninth day of June, A.D. 1887, at the hour of One o'clock in the Afternoon of that day, at the City Hall, in the City of Brandon, proceed to Sell by Public Auction, the said Lands for the said Arrears of Taxes and Costs.

| PART OF SECTION. | SEC. | TP. | RGE. | AMOUNT. | COSTS. | TOTAL. | PATENTED OR UNPATENTED |
|------------------|------|-----|------|---------|--------|--------|------------------------|
| All | 21 | 11 | 20 | 196 96 | 1 75 | 198 71 | Unpatented |
| S E and N E ¼ | 3 | 11 | 20 | 150 50 | 1 75 | 152 25 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 13 | 11 | 20 | 26 35 | 1 75 | 28 10 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 24 | 11 | 20 | 29 89 | 1 75 | 31 63 | Patented |
| W ½ | 24 | 11 | 20 | 29 38 | 1 75 | 31 13 | Patented |
| S W ¼ | 1 | 11 | 20 | 37 77 | 1 75 | 39 52 | Unpatented |
| N E ¼ | 5 | 11 | 20 | 25 15 | 1 75 | 26 90 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 25 | 11 | 20 | 182 47 | 1 75 | 184 22 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 6 | 11 | 20 | 20 67 | 1 75 | 21 82 | Patented |
| S E and N W ¼ | 36 | 11 | 20 | 11 94 | 1 75 | 13 69 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 20 | 11 | 20 | 45 85 | 1 75 | 47 60 | Patented |
| N W ¼ | 12 | 11 | 20 | 42 82 | 1 75 | 44 57 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 22 | 11 | 20 | 46 81 | 1 75 | 48 56 | Patented |
| N E ¼ and S W ¼ | 35 | 11 | 20 | 84 68 | 1 75 | 86 43 | Patented |
| S W ¼ | 22 | 11 | 20 | 66 26 | 1 75 | 68 01 | Unpatented |
| N E ¼ | 32 | 11 | 20 | 39 03 | 1 75 | 40 78 | Patented |
| S E ¼ | 32 | 11 | 20 | 14 31 | 1 75 | 16 06 | Patented |
| N W ¼ | 18 | 11 | 20 | 11 84 | 1 75 | 13 59 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 30 | 11 | 20 | 58 90 | 1 75 | 60 65 | Patented |
| S W ¼ | 13 | 11 | 20 | 55 69 | 1 75 | 57 44 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 28 | 11 | 20 | 30 64 | 1 75 | 32 39 | Unpatented |
| All | 19 | 11 | 20 | 179 49 | 1 75 | 181 24 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 9 | 11 | 20 | 174 28 | 1 75 | 176 03 | Unpatented |
| All | 7 | 11 | 20 | 82 61 | 1 75 | 84 36 | Unpatented |
| All | 17 | 11 | 20 | 205 39 | 1 75 | 207 14 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 27 | 11 | 20 | 74 85 | 1 75 | 76 60 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 3 | 11 | 20 | 47 77 | 1 75 | 49 52 | Unpatented |
| All | 34 | 11 | 20 | 148 01 | 1 75 | 149 76 | Unpatented |
| N ½ and S W ¼ | 23 | 11 | 20 | 95 86 | 1 75 | 97 61 | Unpatented |
| N E ¼ | 1 | 11 | 20 | 29 63 | 1 75 | 31 38 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 20 | 11 | 21 | 47 70 | 1 75 | 49 45 | Patented |
| S N ½ | 10 | 11 | 21 | 53 47 | 1 75 | 55 22 | Patented |
| All | 17 | 11 | 21 | 121 11 | 1 75 | 123 86 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 39 | 11 | 21 | 34 84 | 1 75 | 36 58 | Patented |
| All | 22 | 11 | 21 | 104 51 | 1 75 | 106 26 | Patented |
| N E ¼ | 4 | 11 | 21 | 17 14 | 1 75 | 18 89 | Unpatented |
| S E ¼ | 39 | 11 | 21 | 51 15 | 1 75 | 52 90 | Patented |
| S W ¼ | 30 | 11 | 21 | 14 27 | 1 75 | 16 02 | Patented |
| S ½ | 34 | 11 | 21 | 28 60 | 1 75 | 30 35 | Patented |
| W ½ | 21 | 11 | 21 | 266 24 | 1 75 | 267 99 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 6 | 11 | 21 | 10 47 | 1 75 | 12 22 | Unpatented |
| All | 52 | 11 | 21 | 14 28 | 1 75 | 16 03 | Patented |
| All | 13 | 11 | 21 | 184 07 | 1 75 | 185 82 | Unpatented |
| All | 25 | 11 | 21 | 154 84 | 1 75 | 156 59 | Unpatented |
| S ½ | 23 | 11 | 21 | 203 83 | 1 75 | 205 58 | Unpatented |
| S ½ | 24 | 11 | 21 | 37 70 | 1 75 | 39 51 | Unpatented |
| W ½ | 15 | 11 | 21 | 110 56 | 1 75 | 112 31 | Unpatented |
| All | 35 | 11 | 21 | 204 39 | 1 75 | 206 14 | Unpatented |
| All | 5 | 11 | 21 | 110 59 | 1 75 | 121 31 | Unpatented |
| All | 9 | 11 | 21 | 178 66 | 1 75 | 180 41 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 15 | 11 | 21 | 82 46 | 1 75 | 84 21 | Unpatented |
| All | 27 | 11 | 21 | 232 89 | 1 75 | 234 64 | Unpatented |
| All | 31 | 11 | 21 | 108 58 | 1 75 | 110 33 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 33 | 11 | 21 | 168 58 | 1 75 | 170 33 | Unpatented |
| All | 7 | 11 | 21 | 142 95 | 1 75 | 144 70 | Unpatented |
| All | 11 | 11 | 21 | 94 35 | 1 75 | 96 10 | Unpatented |
| S E ¼ | 16 | 11 | 22 | 36 24 | 1 75 | 37 99 | Unpatented |
| All | 5 | 11 | 22 | 183 09 | 1 75 | 184 84 | Unpatented |
| S E ¼ | 1 | 11 | 22 | 189 98 | 1 75 | 191 73 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ and N E ¼ | 7 | 11 | 22 | 72 49 | 1 75 | 74 24 | Unpatented |
| N E ¼ | 15 | 11 | 22 | 35 51 | 1 75 | 37 26 | Unpatented |
| S E ¼ | 6 | 11 | 22 | 27 24 | 1 75 | 28 99 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 6 | 11 | 22 | 45 21 | 1 75 | 46 96 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 2 | 11 | 22 | 36 86 | 1 75 | 38 61 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 10 | 11 | 22 | 88 94 | 1 75 | 90 60 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 24 | 11 | 22 | 37 12 | 1 75 | 38 87 | Unpatented |
| S ½ | 30 | 11 | 22 | 25 05 | 1 75 | 26 80 | Patented |
| S ½ | 12 | 11 | 22 | 54 71 | 1 75 | 56 49 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 10 | 11 | 22 | 118 63 | 1 75 | 120 38 | Unpatented |
| All | 23 | 11 | 22 | 223 03 | 1 75 | 224 78 | Unpatented |
| S E ¼ | 31 | 11 | 22 | 60 02 | 1 75 | 70 77 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 31 | 11 | 22 | 19 29 | 1 75 | 21 04 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 27 | 11 | 22 | 123 60 | 1 75 | 125 35 | Unpatented |
| N E ¼ | 9 | 11 | 22 | 25 34 | 1 75 | 35 09 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 30 | 11 | 22 | 16 03 | 1 75 | 17 78 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 31 | 11 | 22 | 130 22 | 1 75 | 131 97 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 24 | 11 | 22 | 25 21 | 1 75 | 26 96 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 13 | 11 | 22 | 21 81 | 1 75 | 23 50 | Unpatented |
| N W ¼ | 10 | 11 | 22 | 33 34 | 1 75 | 35 09 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 21 | 11 | 22 | 39 60 | 1 75 | 42 41 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 35 | 12 | 22 | 21 81 | 1 75 | 23 59 | Patented |
| E ½ | 27 | 12 | 22 | 13 34 | 1 75 | 15 09 | Patented |
| S E ¼ | 32 | 12 | 22 | 26 66 | 1 75 | 28 41 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 2 | 12 | 22 | 30 69 | 1 75 | 32 44 | Unpatented |
| N E ¼ | 26 | 12 | 22 | 22 60 | 1 75 | 24 65 | Patented |
| N E ¼ | 33 | 12 | 22 | 30 12 | 1 75 | 40 87 | Unpatented |
| N ½ and S W ¼ | 31 | 12 | 22 | 148 86 | 1 75 | 150 61 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 1 | 12 | 22 | 93 14 | 1 75 | 94 86 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 13 | 12 | 22 | 24 74 | 1 75 | 26 49 | Unpatented |
| S E ¼ | 33 | 12 | 22 | 40 31 | 1 75 | 42 06 | Unpatented |
| S W ¼ | 10 | 12 | 22 | 73 03 | 1 75 | 73 38 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 35 | 12 | 21 | 73 00 | 1 75 | 75 71 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 1 | 12 | 21 | 30 44 | 1 75 | 38 10 | Unpatented |
| E ½ | 2 | 12 | 21 | 61 79 | 1 75 | 63 51 | Patented |
| N ½ | 3 | 12 | 21 | 50 22 | 1 75 | 51 97 | Unpatented |
| N ½ | 15 | 12 | 21 | 92 42 | 1 75 | 93 99 | Patented |
| S E ¼ | 22 | 12 | 21 | 8 22 | 1 75 | 9 97 | Patented |
| S W ¼ | 2 | 12 | 21 | 9 75 | 1 75 | 11 50 | Patented |
| S W ¼ | 2 | 12 | 21 | 9 75 | 1 75 | 11 50 | Patented |
| S ½ | 5 | 12 | 21 | 64 31 | 1 75 | 66 06 | Unpatented |

THE BRANDON WEEKLY MAIL

DRIVING THROUGH THE SKY.

A Wonderful Mirage Seen in a City at Night.

Describing a curious illusion observed one night last week in Memphis, Tenn., a writer in the *Advertiser* says: I heard a noise as if a span of horses were coming up the street with some sort of vehicle. I thought it was a horse approaching, until I heard the ring of bells, and then concluded that it must be a street car, but upon looking at my watch I saw that it was rather late for a car to be out.

An instant before I had heard a rumbling noise as if a train of cars were passing over a bridge, and when I looked up I saw about ~~any~~ ^{one} hundred yards in the air, and apparently only ~~any~~ ^{one} hundred yards from us, a span of horses with flashing tails and harness, and moving along at a rapid pace. The shapes of the animals were as clearly defined in the atmosphere as if one had seen them hatched to a vehicle on the ground. The whole picture was there only ~~an instant~~, before it passed out of sight, but following; the horses came a street car like one of those used on the Madison street lines. You could see the platforms and the railings around them. The tongue of the car and the traces connecting it with the horses in front of it were also graphically portrayed, and the windows and conical shaped roof were perfectly represented.

The mirage was passing up Main street toward the north, and in that direction as it moved along we could hear distinctly the sounds of the horses' hoofs on the cobble stones and the rumble of the wheels along the rails. The noise grew less and less distinct every moment after the mysterious vehicle had passed out of sight, and at last, when all had quieted down, we could hear nothing. The apparition was undoubtedly nothing, but the suggestion of a real street car, running along a neighboring street, upon the clouds of dust which filled the air.

Too Much Brain Work.

The suicide of Lieut. Daenhouwer at Anvers, Belgium, it is believed by friends here, was the result of his having been ill for a month. He died at his home, who committed suicide a week ago. This makes the fourth case in the last two years where young medical students have killed themselves. The other cases were those of Cadet Schick, of Pennsylvania, who on the eve of graduation at the Royal college, in Greenwich, England, shot himself, and Cadet F. C. Blotter, who blew his brains out while taking the prescribed two years' course in the United States steamer *Savanna*. In a few more days Schick would have become an assistant naval constructor. Another instance may be cited where an over-worked brain has been the immediate cause of death in that of young Snell of South Carolina. Snell was a poor fellow who worked on a farm near Anniston at \$10 a month to pay his entrance fee. He entered in May, did well on the practice trials, but was found deficient in studies at the following semi-annual examinations. He had until June to make up the deficiency, but brain fever set in and death was the result.—*New York Sun*.

At About Callio.

Mrs. Leon Owens says in her "Travels in India" that "in the year 1798, just ten months and two days after leaving the port of Lisbon, Nasco da Gama landed on the coast of Mandar at Calcutta, or more properly Calcutta, 'City of the Black Goddess.' Calcutta was at that period not only a very ancient seaport but an extensive territory, which, stretching along the western coast of southern India, reached from Bombay and the adjacent islands to Cape Comorin. It was at an early period so famous for its weaving and dyeing of cotton cloth that its name became identified with the manufactured fabric, whence the name calico. It is now generally admitted that this ingenious art originated in India in very remote ages, and from that country found its way into Egypt. It was not until toward the middle of the seventeenth century that calico printing was introduced into Europe.—*Kansas City Times*.

Hoops for the Children.

The plain wooden hoop is all the go now. The iron hoop is not called for. Granville, Mass., turns out about 200,000 this year and Philadelphia about two-thirds as many. They are made of beech or ash. The wood is cut into narrow strips and steamed. The heat curls the strips and the ends are tacked together. Hoops with bells, flags and other ornaments are made in Philadelphia. Few are sold. They cost too much and usually go to amuse sick children who have not a lusty pair of legs. The hoop trade will reach 2,000,000 this year. No one will get wealthy out of this. The margin is too small on account of the great competition. Care is taken by the manufacturers that a hoop is not made strong enough to last forever. The more hoops broken in the season the livelier the trade. The east supplies the west with rolling stock of this kind.—*New York Sun*.

Patti's Two Hour Drive.

Mme. Patti takes a two hour drive through the park and on the road daily. Signor Nicolini accompanies her almost invariably. The happy pair usually occupy a closed carriage, but one day this week they ventured forth in open vehicle. Mme. Patti and Signor Nicolini sit bolt upright, look straight before them, and are never seen to converse. The prima donna, however, keeps awake when in Signor Nicolini's company. A friend who bowed to her one day when she was escorted by her pretty niece, Carlina, was surprised at first when his salut was not returned. Approaching her carriage a second time, he discovered that Mme. Patti was asleep, or so deeply plunged in thought that nobody would have known the difference between a songstress' meditation and her slumber.—*New York Sun*.

Wax in the Keyhole.

One afternoon recently a Boston man found his keyhole stopped with wax when he went home in the afternoon. The police were asked to try to catch the parties who had taken the impression of the lock. The officers secreted themselves in the house and prepared for a night's watch for the thieves, who were expected to descend upon the place. But early in the evening it was explained that the governess, who has a sweet tooth, is in the habit of carrying caramels in the same pocket with her door key, and some of the sweetmeats stuck to the key. She used it during the day, and the waxy appearing substance became scraped from the key and remained in the lock.

Photo Artist (to gourmand)—So, there, now keep quite still and think of your favorite dish!—Beiblatt.

DEATH OF "TULE DAD."

A Remarkable Character Well Known to Old Californians.

Old "Tule Dad," a remarkable old mountain man, who early made a name among the hunters and Indian fighters of the Sierras, crossed over to the golden shore about ten days ago at Jess Valley, Modoc county, Cal. He had reached the great age of 103 years, and died at last with mind unimpaired and vigorous as when he had but just passed his half century mark. "Tule Dad" was born somewhere in Missouri at the time St. Louis was the headquarters of several big fur trading companies. It was by enlisting as a hunter with one of these that he found his way through the Rockies and eventually across the Sierras to California.

"Tule Dad" is remembered by a number of old Californians who are now in the Comstock. They looked upon him as being a wonderful old man in the days of '49, but following the horses came a street car like one of those used on the Madison street lines. You could see the platforms and the railings around them. The tongue of the car and the traces connecting it with the horses in front of it were also graphically portrayed, and the windows and conical shaped roof were perfectly represented.

A story is told of him which will bear repeating. In the early days some men who were camped on the banks of the Sacramento river, above Marysville, on the Fourth of July, concluded to celebrate the day. They began firing guns and pistols, and for an hour or two kept up a lively fusillade. Presently their attention was attracted to half a dozen black objects bobbing up and down on the waters of the river. As these objects drew nearer they were seen to be men swimming across the stream, with their clothing and guns on their heads. As soon as the swimmers got within hearing distance of the party on the shore, the leader of them sang out: "What's the war?"

That was old Tule Dad. He was then 90 years of age, and was able to outrun even the youngest of his companions, especially when he thought there was a chance for a bout with the rebels. Such things he looked upon as regular legitimate "war."

Old "Tule Dad" had a party of 150 friends here, it seems, soon after leaving on the opposite side among the hills, and bearing the name, pronounced that our Franco fight was going on. They then rode across the river in order to take part in the fun.

The man's right name was Edmund K. Mathey. He never married, and the reason he gave for it was that he could not "split an arment of green wood in half a minute." He said that the women always sang out that they wanted an armful of wood in just half a minute." Half a minute, he said, was to shoot a fawn for him. The old man was content to the last, and was never too busy to help any one. He talked with those about him, he said that his race was nearly ended, but said that he was ready to go, and remarked: "I haven't been a very bad man. I never did anything worse than kill Indians, and I don't believe that will hold against me. I had to do it." The fact is that the old fellow had really no companion in regard to shooting Indians. He had, over, that when a trapper, probably the night that in wiping the heathen off the face of the earth he was doing God a service.—*Red Bluff Daily Courier*.

The Hated Type Writer Girl.

This type writing business is hated roundabout, not what it is cracked up to be by any means, that is, if the operator is a young and good looking girl. I don't suppose that anybody old man is fond of such a bad occupation, though, but young ladies, that is if they are pretty, are annoyed to death. She is staved at, grinded at and talked to so much that after she has been in the business a few weeks she comes to the conclusion that the life of a domestic in a private family is much more preferable than writing love letters for bald heads and duds. The worst crowd she has to deal with are those dishing young drummers, who are always on the march and think that everybody else is. They will come to you and open a conversation on the pretense of wanting to write a letter to their firm. Then they will sit down and dictate a lot of nonsense, which we are compelled to write so long as they pay us for our time. We have to treat them civilly, although we know that they really do not require our services, or they will make a complaint. No, the life of a type writer girl is not as pleasant as it might be, but I suppose that there are other occupations that are equally as disagreeable.—*Globe-Democrat*.

International Cremation Congress.

It is intended to hold an international congress on cremation in September of the present year. The place selected for this gathering of the savants of various countries who are interested in cremation and cemetery hygiene is Milan. French will be the official language of the congress, but the speakers may, if they like, make use of any other language. Reports will be submitted as to progress made in the practice of cremation in different countries, and the formation of an international league will be proposed. An exhibition of models of crematories, urns and other objects connected with the cause will be held during the congress against the payment of dues of \$100 each.

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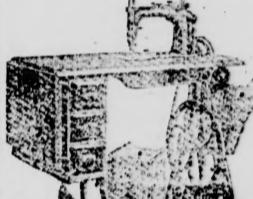
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